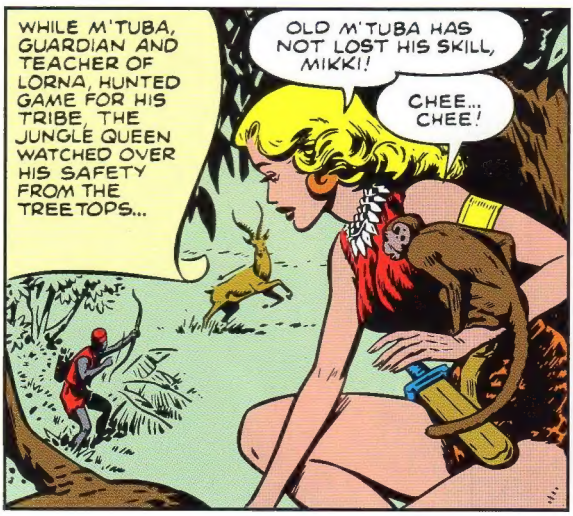
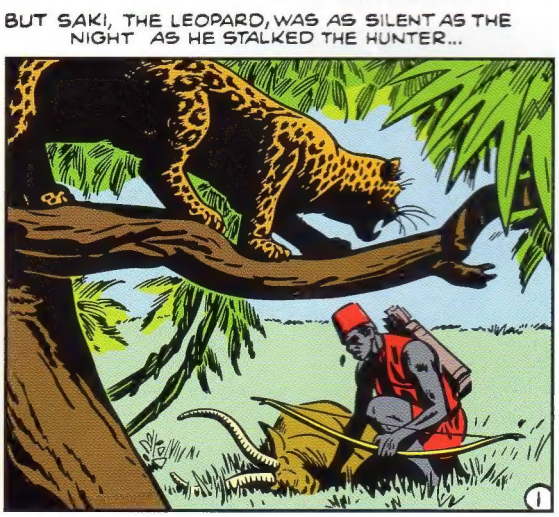
ATLAS
LORNA, THE JUNGLE QUEEN
SEPT.
LORNA, THE
JUNGLE QUEEN
10¢
AUTHORIZED A.C.M.P.
CONFORMS to the COMICS CODE
ON SALE
MONTHLY

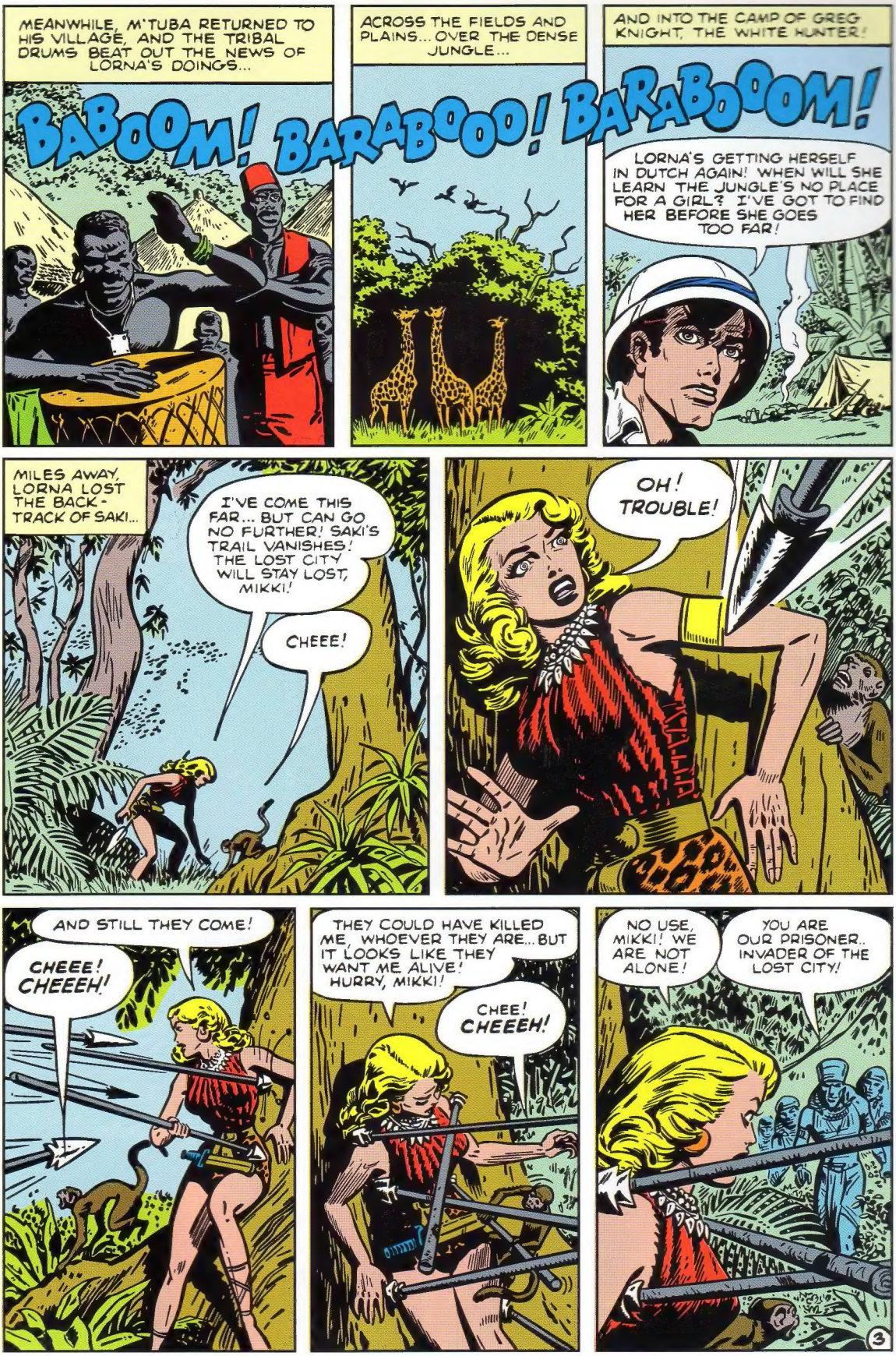
LORNA THE JUNGLE QUEEN

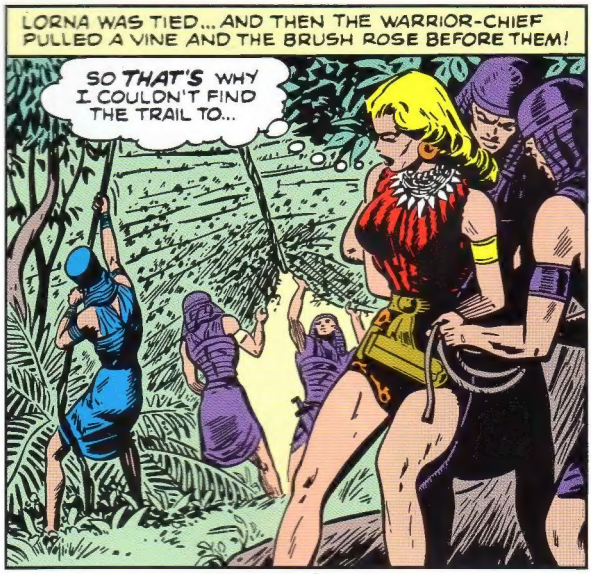
OUT OF THE JUNGLE-DEPTHS ROSE THE SPIRES OF A LONG-LOST CIVILIZATION...HIDDEN FOR THOUSANDS OF YEARS, UNTIL LORNA THE JUNGLE QUEEN FOLLOWED THE TRAIL THAT LED HER TO THE DANGERS OF..."THE LOST CITY!"
HERE, O PRINCELY LORD OF THE LOST CITY, IS THE INVADER! GIVE THE WORD FOR THE EXECUTION THAT WILL RID US OF THIS EVIL!
C.827


WHILE M'TUBA, GUARDIAN AND TEACHER OF LORNA, HUNTED GAME FOR HIS TRIBE, THE JUNGLE QUEEN WATCHED OVER HIS SAFETY FROM THE TREETOPS...
OLD M'TUBA HAS NOT LOST HIS SKILL, MIKKI!
CHEE... CHEE!



SAKI!
AARRRAGH
ONLY ONE CAN SPEAR LIKE THAT... LORNA!
AND SO PART OF MY DEBT TO YOU IS REPAID, M'TUBA!
YES... BUT NOW THE PUPIL OUTSHINES THE TEACHER!
SAKI IS FAT, M'TUBA... TOO FAT!
I WILL DISCOVER WHY! MAYBE HE WAS THE ONE WHO RAIDED OUR SHEEP!
M'TUBA... LOOK! THIS WAS IN HIS STOMACH!
BY THE PROPHETS! IT CAN'T BE.. AND YET!
WHAT IS IT, M'TUBA?
WHEN I WAS A BOY, MY GREAT-GRANDFATHER, WHO WAS VERY OLD, TOLD ME A STRANGE TALE... ONE I DIDN'T BELIEVE... OF A LOST CITY, DEEP IN THE JUNGLE! HE WAS THERE... AND CAME BACK WITH A THING JUST LIKE THIS! HE SHOWED IT TO US, BUT WE THOUGHT HE HAD JUST FOUND IT... AND THAT WHAT HE SAID WAS THE RAVINGS OF AN OLD MAN! NOW I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO BELIEVE!
I WILL FIND OUT! THE JUNGLE IS MY DOMAIN, AND I HAVE TO KNOW EVERYTHING THAT GOES ON IN IT!
LORNA! STOP! MY GREAT-GRANDFATHER BECAME MAD AFTER VISITING THE LOST CITY! DON'T GO, I BEG YOU!
BUT THE JUNGLE QUEEN KNEW NO FEAR AS SHE BACKTRACKED ON THE TRAIL OF SAKI... AND INTO THE UNKNOWN DEPTHS OF THE JUNGLE!
2


MEANWHILE, M'TUBA RETURNED TO HIS VILLAGE, AND THE TRIBAL DRUMS BEAT OUT THE NEWS OF LORNA'S DOINGS...
BABOOM! BARABOOO! BARABOOOM!
ACROSS THE FIELDS AND PLAINS... OVER THE DENSE JUNGLE...
AND INTO THE CAMP OF GREG KNIGHT, THE WHITE HUNTER!
LORNA'S GETTING HERSELF IN DUTCH AGAIN! WHEN WILL SHE LEARN THE JUNGLE'S NO PLACE FOR A GIRL? I'VE GOT TO FIND HER BEFORE SHE GOES TOO FAR!
MILES AWAY, LORNA LOST THE BACK-TRACK OF SAKI...
I'VE COME THIS FAR... BUT CAN GO NO FURTHER! SAKI'S TRAIL VANISHES! THE LOST CITY WILL STAY LOST, MIKKI!
CHEEE!
OH! TROUBLE!
AND STILL THEY COME!
CHEEE! CHEEEH!
THEY COULD HAVE KILLED ME, WHOEVER THEY ARE... BUT IT LOOKS LIKE THEY WANT ME ALIVE! HURRY, MIKKI!
CHEE! CHEEEH!
NO USE, MIKKI! WE ARE NOT ALONE!
YOU ARE OUR PRISONER.. INVADER OF THE LOST CITY!
3


LORNA WAS TIED... AND THEN THE WARRIOR-CHIEF PULLED A VINE AND THE BRUSH ROSE BEFORE THEM!
SO THAT'S WHY I COULDN'T FIND THE TRAIL TO...

KATIV! EVIL, SINISTER PRIME MINISTER OF THE LOST CIVILIZATION...WITH THE POWER OF LIFE AND DEATH OVER ALL!

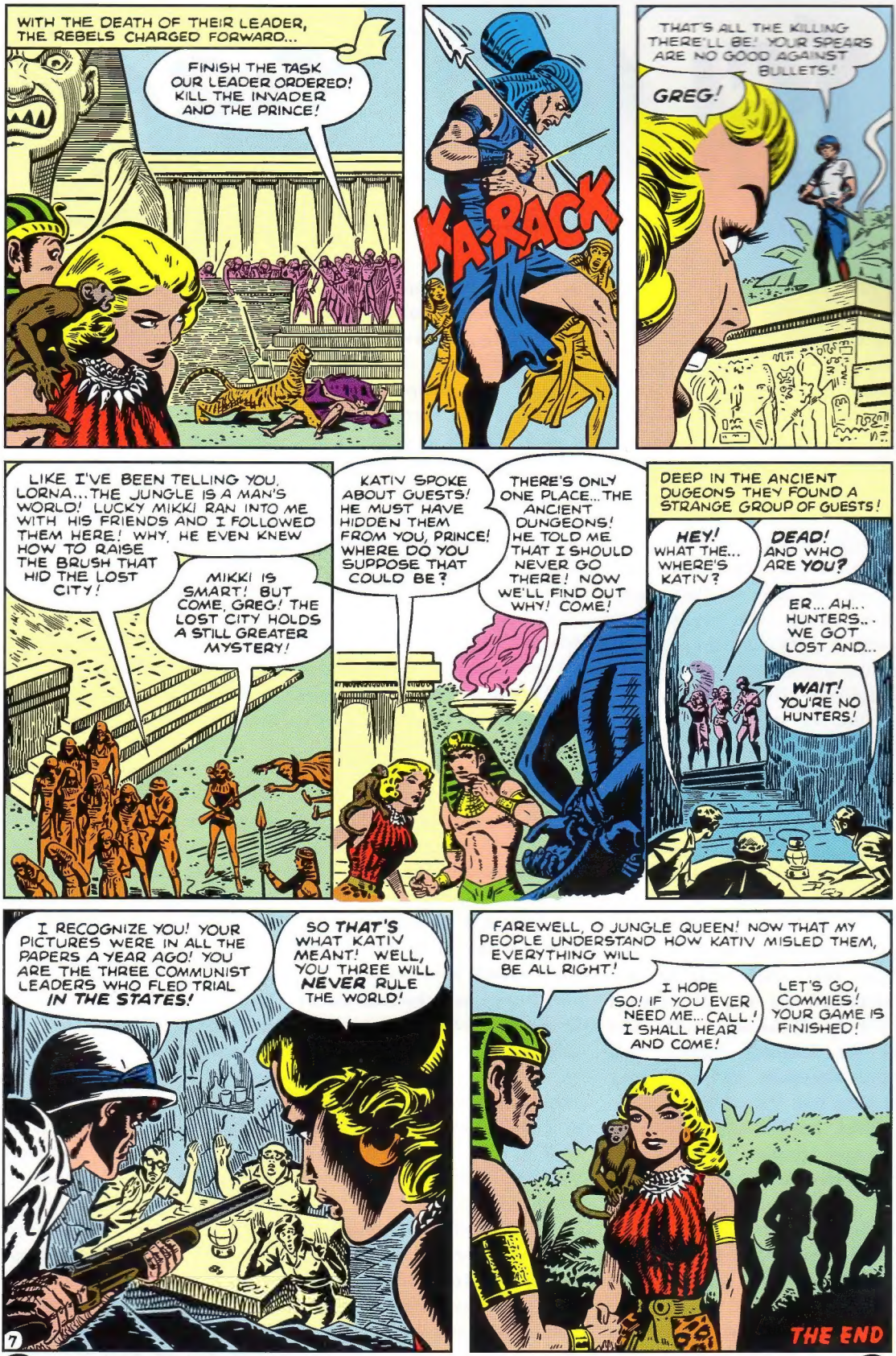
SO! A WOMAN DARES TO INVADE OUR SACRED DOMAIN! THE PUNISHMENT FOR THAT IS THE SABRE DEATH!
I AM NOT AN INVADER! I COME IN PEACE AND FRIENDSHIP!

I AM THE ONLY JUDGE OF THAT, FAIR ONE...AND I JUDGE YOU GUILTY! WE LIVE HERE ALONE AND IN SECRET... AND WE WILL STAY THAT WAY... AFTER YOU ARE DEAD!
BUT WHY? WHY DON'T YOU WANT ANYONE FROM THE OUTSIDE WORLD? WHAT IS YOUR SECRET, KATIV?

YOU REMEMBER THE LAW OF OUR FOREFATHERS, O PRINCE...THAT OUR CITY SHALL REMAIN SECRET FOREVER SO WE CAN ESCAPE THE EVILS OF THE OUTSIDE WORLD! THE LAW ALSO STATES THAT ANY TRANSGRESSOR SHALL DIE!
YES... I REMEMBER... ALTHOUGH NO ONE HAS EVER COME HERE BEFORE! IT IS TOO BAD THAT ONE SO YOUNG AND FAIR HAS TO DIE!
4

BRAVE WARRIORS ARE YOU...TO CAPTURE A WOMAN AND SACRIFICE HER? LET ME FREE FOR ONE MOMENT AND I WILL SHOW YOU WHAT BRAVERY IS!
SILENCE! GIVE THE WORD, O PRINCE!
I... I CANNOT! SHE IS RIGHT!
THEN I SHALL GIVE THE WORD! YOUR RULE IS OVER, TUTAKAMIN!
WHAT? DO YOU DARE REVOLT AGAINST ME?
YOU HAVE BEEN OUR RULER IN NAME ONLY FOR A LONG TIME, TUTAKAMIN! I HAVE BEEN THE REAL RULER... AS YOU CAN SEE!
BUT WHY?
LOOKS LIKE THERE ARE A LOT OF THINGS YOU DON'T KNOW ABOUT YOUR HIGH PRIEST, PRINCE!
AND NOW IT SEEMS YOU'LL NEVER FIND OUT!
I'M SORRY YOU ARE MIXED UP IN THIS, FAIR ONE!
CLEAR THE GROUNDS! RELEASE THE SABRE DEATH!
THE TWO PRISONERS WATCHED HELPLESSLY AS THE WARRIORS LEFT THE OPEN AREA AND A GATE WAS RAISED! OUT STEPPED SABRE THE TIGER!
THIS IS THE DESCENDANT OF THE TIGER PAIR OUR FOREFATHERS BROUGHT FROM ANCIENT EGYPT CENTURIES AGO! BEFORE YOU DIE, PRINCE, LISTEN... I HAVE GUESTS HERE... GUESTS THE WORLD CANNOT KNOW ABOUT YET! SOMEDAY THEY WILL RULE THE WORLD AND I SHALL RULE WITH THEM! NOW...YOU DIE!
KILL, SABRE... KILL!
I SHALL DIE LIKE A PRINCE!
AND I LIKE A QUEEN!
AAARRRAGH
5

CHEEEEEH!
MIKKI?
CHEEEEE!
CHEEEEEE!
CHEEE!
CHEEEEH!
CHEEEH!
CHEEEE!
A THOUSAND MIKKIS!
WHERE DID THEY COME FROM?
MY PET BROUGHT THEM! I KNEW HE WOULDN'T DESERT ME! FASTER, MIKKI... FASTER!
THIS WILL NOT STOP KATIV!
MAYBE NOT... BUT THIS GIVES US A FIGHTING CHANCE!
SABRE! GET BACK! DO YOUR JOB!
MAD WITH PAIN AND FEAR, SABRE TURNED ON THE ONLY OBJECT IN ITS PATH... THE SCREAMING HIGH PRIEST!
NO! NO! GO BACK, SABRE! GO BACK!
AAAARRAGH!
AAAAAEEEEEEE!
G


WITH THE DEATH OF THEIR LEADER, THE REBELS CHARGED FORWARD...
FINISH THE TASK OUR LEADER ORDERED! KILL THE INVADER AND THE PRINCE!
KA-RACK
THAT'S ALL THE KILLING THERE'LL BE! YOUR SPEARS ARE NO GOOD AGAINST BULLETS!
GREG!
LIKE I'VE BEEN TELLING YOU, LORNA...THE JUNGLE IS A MAN'S WORLD! LUCKY MIKKI RAN INTO ME WITH HIS FRIENDS AND I FOLLOWED THEM HERE! WHY, HE EVEN KNEW HOW TO RAISE THE BRUSH THAT HID THE LOST CITY!
MIKKI IS SMART! BUT COME, GREG! THE LOST CITY HOLDS A STILL GREATER MYSTERY!
KATIV SPOKE ABOUT GUESTS! HE MUST HAVE HIDDEN THEM FROM YOU, PRINCE! WHERE DO YOU SUPPOSE THAT COULD BE?
THERE'S ONLY ONE PLACE...THE ANCIENT DUNGEONS! HE TOLD ME THAT I SHOULD NEVER GO THERE! NOW WE'LL FIND OUT WHY! COME!
DEEP IN THE ANCIENT DUGEONS THEY FOUND A STRANGE GROUP OF GUESTS!
HEY! WHAT THE... WHERE'S KATIV?
DEAD! AND WHO ARE YOU?
ER... AH... HUNTERS.. WE GOT LOST AND...
WAIT! YOU'RE NO HUNTERS!
I RECOGNIZE YOU! YOUR PICTURES WERE IN ALL THE PAPERS A YEAR AGO! YOU ARE THE THREE COMMUNIST LEADERS WHO FLED TRIAL IN THE STATES!
SO THAT'S WHAT KATIV MEANT! WELL, YOU THREE WILL NEVER RULE THE WORLD!
7
FAREWELL, O JUNGLE QUEEN! NOW THAT MY PEOPLE UNDERSTAND HOW KATIV MISLED THEM, EVERYTHING WILL BE ALL RIGHT!
I HOPE SO! IF YOU EVER NEED ME... CALL! I SHALL HEAR AND COME!
LET'S GO, COMMIES! YOUR GAME IS FINISHED!
THE END

ATLAS FOR THE BEST IN ADVENTURE STORIES LOOK FOR THE ATLAS SEAL ON THE COVER ATLAS

ISLAND TABOO

BIG DAN FRAZEE had come across the island paradise on one of his smuggling trips out of Australia. At first he hadn't been able to understand the place. Then, as a faint suspicion of what the natives' attitude might mean dawned on him, he had hurried back to the mainland in search of his younger brother, Paul.

He found him filthy and drunk in one of the lowest dives along the coast. Dan spent a week sobering him up, in the process doing everything imaginable from slapping him around to nursing him carefully day and night when the craving for drink grew too great.

Dan may not have known too much, but he wasn't stupid. He knew that if he were to get the maximum benefit out of the island of Moang-Moangu, he'd need specialized help and advice. And, since what he contemplated was sort of frowned upon by all the legal authorities in the Southern Pacific, he'd need somebody he could trust to give him that advice.

Paul, his brilliant but erratic younger brother, was almost made to order. Paul had joined Dan in the South Seas just after he had graduated from college as a promising young anthropologist. In the beginning, he had been horrified at the criminal and violent way his older brother made his living, and he had argued with him in an attempt to change Dan's ways.

Eventually, however, the soft tropical life and the constant exposure to temptation had sapped his own moral fibre and he had become a drunken object of ridicule in all the islands of the warm seas. He staggered about, begging and cadging drinks, and almost starving when Dan was away on a lengthy unlawful enterprise.

"But that's all over now," his older brother warned him. "You still remember an awful lot of things you learned in school about the ways of primitive peoples, don't you, Paul?"

"I guess I do. But what use-"

"You let me worry about that, youngster. If I'm right in what I'm thinking about the island of Moang-Moangu, we'll be rich for the rest of our lives. You'll be able to order the most expensive drinks in any saloon and I won't have to take any more penny-ante chances. Here's the pitch, Paul."

When he'd finished describing the out-of-way little island and the strange natives he'd met on it, Paul was very thoughtful. "It might be, Dan," he said. "It just might be. But why hasn't anyone else visited them?"

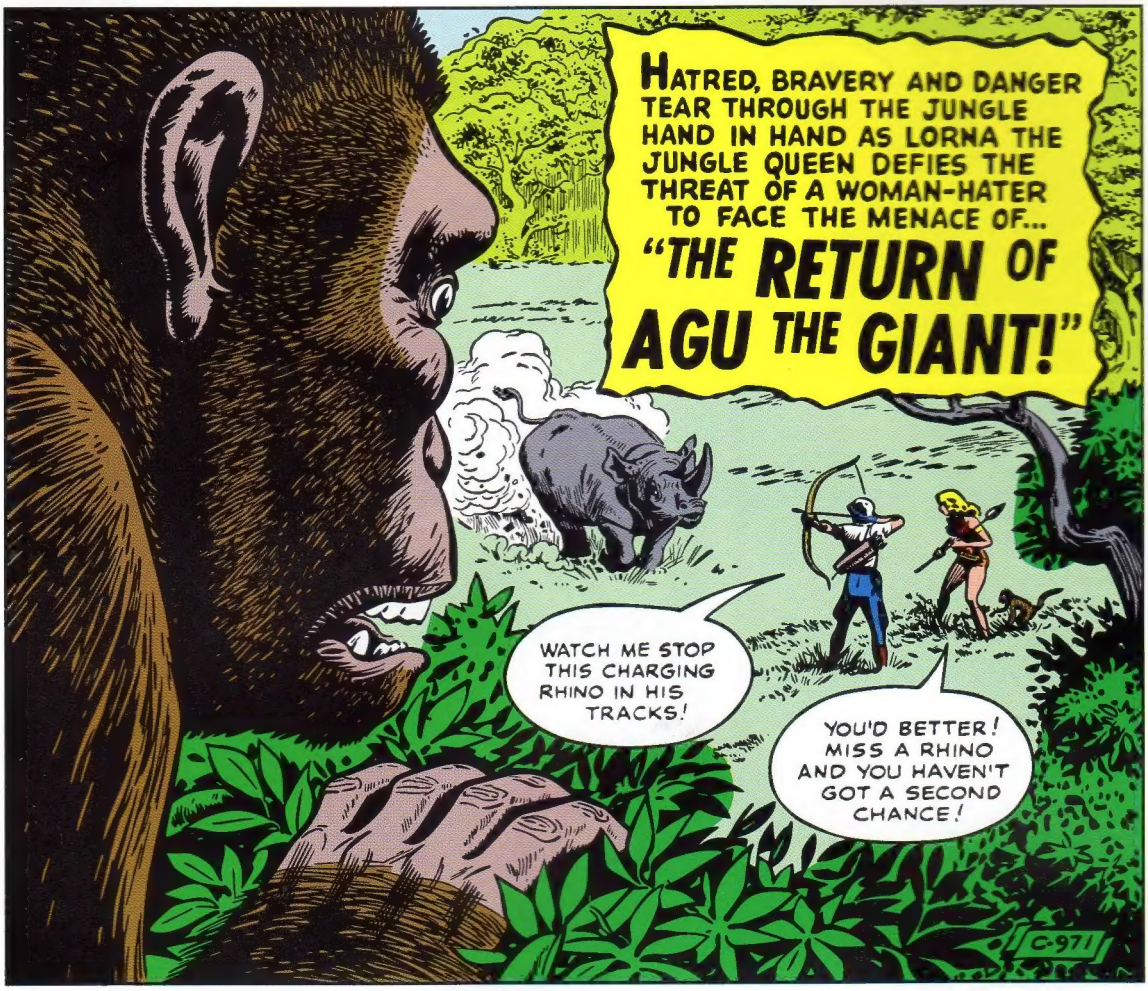
"Oh, they've been visited by lots of explorers. But it's a very small island and not too attractive. It's way off the major trade routes and only a smuggler like me would be likely to hit it. Everybody knows they have pearls, because once a year they bring them in to the market here on the mainland, but no white people know they keep the biggest and best pearls for themselves in their little temple shrine! Most of the businessmen around here as well as crooks like me, usually think they're too poor to be worth looking into. But they're not, Paul, they're not! That temple shrine of theirs must have at least a hundred thousand dollars in pearls scattered around the floor! Now, even if someone found out about that and wanted to make off with the treasure, he'd figure he'd have to have such a big and well-armed gang behind him, that it wouldn't be worth running the risk of making the government authorities suspicious."

"Yes," Paul mused. "They would need a pretty big gang for over a thousand natives. That's about the number you estimated, wasn't it, Dan? And the natives on *surrounding* islands are very warlike. You can't push *those* boys around."

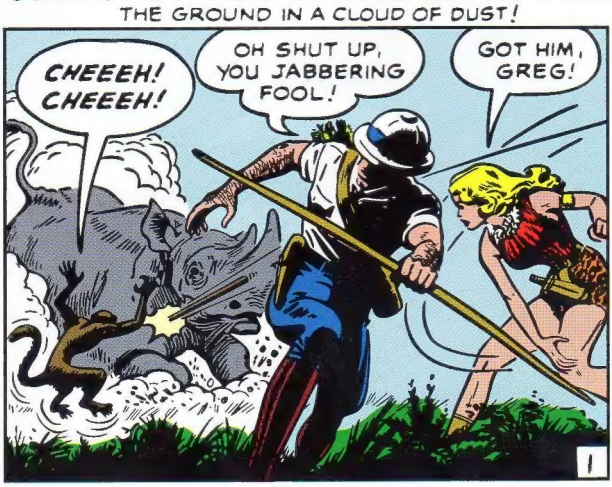
"But Moang-Moangu is different," Dan said exultantly. "For all of its wealth and large population, just the two of us can take it for all it's worth! One of us—me—for the muscle and the angles, the other—you—for the brain-work and dealing with the natives. When we're through with Moang-Mo-

CONTINUED AFTER NEXT STORY...

LORNA THE JUNGLE QUEEN

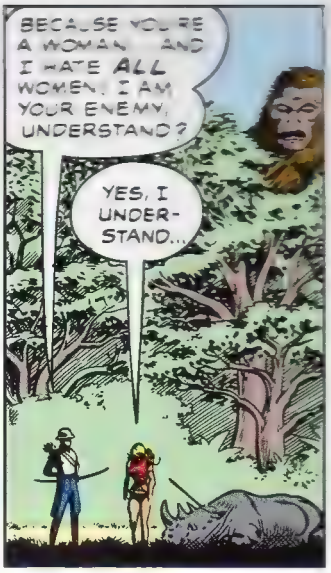

HATRED, BRAVERY AND DANGER TEAR THROUGH THE JUNGLE HAND IN HAND AS LORNA THE JUNGLE QUEEN DEFIES THE THREAT OF A WOMAN-HATER TO FACE THE MENACE OF...
"THE RETURN OF AGU THE GIANT!"
WATCH ME STOP THIS CHARGING RHINO IN HIS TRACKS!
YOU'D BETTER! MISS A RHINO AND YOU HAVEN'T GOT A SECOND CHANCE!
C-971

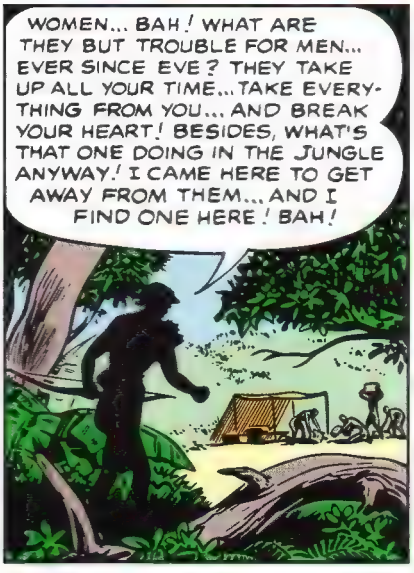
THE FLIGHT OF THE SPEAR WAS SWIFT AND DEADLY.. CATCHING THE ENRAGED RHINO AND PLOWING IT INTO THE GROUND IN A CLOUD OF DUST!



I TOLD YOU A HUNDRED TIMES... STAY OUT OF MY WAY! YOU'RE BAD LUCK TO ME!
BAD LUCK? BUT, GREG, IF I HADN'T KILLED THE RHINO...

AND IF YOU HADN'T BEEN AROUND TO DISTRACT ME WITH YOUR GAB, I WOULD HAVE GOT HIM! WOMEN ARE TROUBLE AND NOTHING BUT! NOW GET OUT OF HERE!
BUT... GREG... WHY DO YOU HATE ME SO?

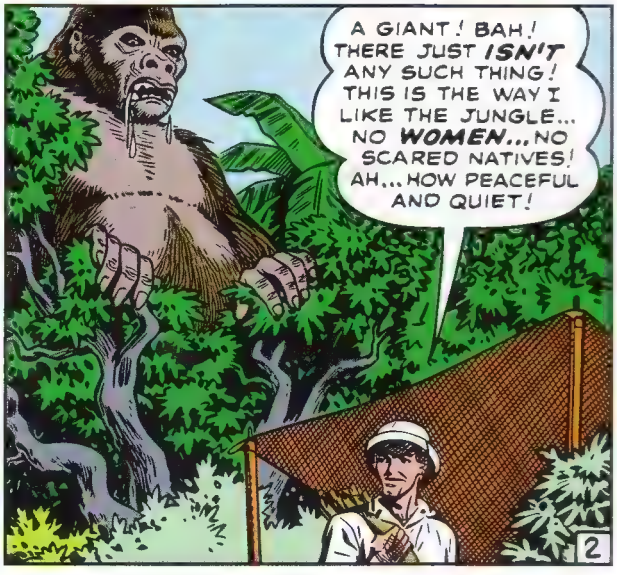

BECAUSE YOU'RE A WOMAN... AND I HATE ALL WOMEN! I AM YOUR ENEMY, UNDERSTAND?
YES, I UNDER-STAND...


WOMEN... BAH! WHAT ARE THEY BUT TROUBLE FOR MEN... EVER SINCE EVE? THEY TAKE UP ALL YOUR TIME... TAKE EVERY-THING FROM YOU... AND BREAK YOUR HEART! BESIDES, WHAT'S THAT ONE DOING IN THE JUNGLE ANYWAY! I CAME HERE TO GET AWAY FROM THEM... AND I FIND ONE HERE! BAH!

TAKUI! WHERE ARE THE MEN GOING?
AWAY, B'WANA! THEY SENSE GREAT DANGER HERE... SOMETHING BAD... SOMETHING BIG... LIKE AGU!

AGU! WHAT'S THAT?
AGU... THE GIANT! BIG... TALLER THAN TREES! LONG TIME AGO... GO AWAY... NOW COME BACK! MEN KNOW... WE GO! BAD! VERY BAD!

WELL, OF ALL THE DUMB THINGS TO DO... GET SCARED OF A FAIRY TALE! ALL RIGHT... GET OUT OF HERE! I'LL FINISH THIS HUNT ALONE!


A GIANT! BAH! THERE JUST ISN'T ANY SUCH THING! THIS IS THE WAY I LIKE THE JUNGLE... NO WOMEN... NO SCARED NATIVES! AH... HOW PEACEFUL AND QUIET!
2

WELL, MIKKI... MUCH AS WE LIKE GREG ...HE DOESN'T LIKE US... SO WE'D BETTER JUST LAY LOW, AND... WHAT'S THAT?
CHEEEE! CHEEEE!
RARRRAGH! RAARRAGH!
RARARRAGH!
GOOD HEAVENS!
IT'S A GIANT ALRIGHT... A GIANT GORILLA... AND ARROWS CAN'T STOP HIM! MAYBE I CAN RUN... HIDE!
RRAARAGH!
TOO LATE! I'M FINISHED!
MIKKI! LOOK! IT'S AGU... AND HE'S GOT GREG!
CHEEE! CHEEE!
HE'S HEADING FOR HIS MOUNTAIN DOMAIN! IF WE CAN ONLY HEAD HIM OFF BEFORE HE DOES SOMETHING TO GREG...
MADDENED WITH RAGE BECAUSE GREG HAD MISTREATED THE JUNGLE QUEEN, AGU WAS DETERMINED TO DESTROY THE STRANGE WHITE MAN, AND PLOWED HIS WAY THROUGH THE JUNGLE TOWARD GRIM MOUNT MORTE!
RARAGGHHH!
3

GOT TO TAKE A CHANCE... TRY TO SWING ACROSS THIS CHASM! IT'S THE ONLY WAY TO GET THERE IN TIME...
LORNA SWUNG OUT ON THE VINE TO THE FURTHEST END OF THE ARC... AND LET GO!
HOLD YOUR BREATH, MIKKI!
WHEW! THAT'S WHAT I CALL LUCK! NOW LET'S SEE WHAT AGU'S UP TO!
GOOD HEAVENS! AGU! STOP! STOP!
LORNA! GET AWAY! NOW YOU'VE GOT HIM ANGRY AT YOU!
RRRRRRGH!
YOU GET AWAY!
YOU DUMB DAME! THINK YOU'RE A HEROINE OR SOMETHING? HEY, YOU BIG APE! COME BACK HERE AND GET ME! LEAVE HER ALONE!
BOP!
ANGERED, AGU SWUNG ON GREG AGAIN AND POUNDED HIS FINGERS TO MAKE HIM LOSE HIS GRASP!
OWOOO! RUN, LORNA! THIS IS YOUR CHANCE! BEAT IT! BEAT...
AARRUURAGH!
AEEEEEEE!
4

FOR A DAME YOU'RE AWFULLY LUCKY! NOW BEAT IT! HERE COMES THAT GORILLA!
IF YOU WANT TO SAVE MY LIFE... AND YOURS... HOLD ME TIGHT, GREG!
WHAT?
ARR-RAGH!
THAT'S RIGHT, DARLING! TIGHTER...
FOR... FOR PETE'S SAKE... HE'S STOPPED! HE'S ACTUALLY GRINNING!
YOU SEE? IT WORKS! NOW KEEP HOLDING ME... OR HE'LL TEAR YOU LIMB FROM LIMB!
THAT'S ENOUGH! HE'S LEAVING! BUT I DON'T GET IT!
YOU SEE, HE'S MY FRIEND! HE NEVER WANTED TO HURT ME... BUT HE TURNS AGAINST THOSE WHO TREAT ME BADLY! SO... YOU BETTER BE NICE TO ME!
ME...? BE NICE TO YOU? THAT'LL BE THE DAY!
5
ROARAGH!
YES'M! I'LL BE NICE...
THE END

ATLAS FOR THE BEST IN ADVENTURE STORIES LOOK FOR THE ATLAS SEAL ON THE COVER ATLAS

angu, we'll be the richest men in the South Seas!"

Paul shook his head. "I can hardly believe it'll be that easy," he muttered. "But it's certainly worth a try. I'd never have thought I'd use anthropology this way!"

"You might as well use it for something," his older brother told him curtly. "Come on, let's get my boat and start packing her with provisions!"

Five days later, they landed on the tiny beach of Moang-Mo-angu. A large group of curious natives came down to see them make their boat land.

Dan looked up and grinned. "Now's the time to prove it to you, I guess. Watch me, Paul."

He walked up to a husky young man and looked him up and down for a moment. Then, without warning, his fist lashed out and caught the young native squarely on the chin. The golden-skinned man went down like a falling tree. His friends rushed over and heped him to his feet. They led him away, still nursing his jaw. Despite the fact that several of them were carrying spears, they made not the slightest threatening gesture at either Dan or Paul.

"See what I mean?" Dan swaggered back. "They're pacifists!"

Paul shook his head almost unbelievingly and put away the rifle with which he had been nervously covering his older brother. "It's magnificent," he b athed. "They don't even believe in returning blow for blow."

"A perfect set-up for us!" Dan pointed out. "Now you scout around and make sure this is a fool-proof job. Make believe you're doing some kind of research in anthropology where you have to find out all about how these people live and what they believe in and so on."

A few days later, Paul reported his findings to Dan. "You were right. There's a lot I don't understand, but I'm learning their language fast, and here's how it shapes up. According to their religion, it's evil, terribly evil, to take revenge on a human being for an injury—so that no matter what another human being does to them, they will stand still and take it. Those weapons are for one purpose

only: to protect the pearl-divers. Most of the men are away right now gathering pearls, which is the island's chief source of wealth. Half of the adult males are pearl-divers and the other half carry spears to protect them from the sharks. And, Dan, *that's all those spears may be used for* — to protect pearl-divers from sharks!"

"Good enough," Dan nodded. "Let's go!"

They marched up to the shrine and proceeded to fill bags with the multitudes of pearls on the floor. As soon as the bags were filled, they carried them back to the ship and returned for more. At sight of the desecration of their temple, the natives — many of them armed—began to wail, but not one offered resistance.

"This is the easiest jewel robbery any one ever committed," Dan laughed. "Let's get it all. We'll wait for the expedition to return and take the latest catch of pearls away too!" His younger brother looked uncertain for a moment, then nodded.

When the pearl fishermen returned, Dan and Paul, no longer worried about resistance, walked down to the beach unarmed. As the heavily laden boats containing the pearl-divers arrived on the sand, the two brothers pushed the men aside roughly and started to carry away the valuable white spheres.

Again there was a fearful wailing, but again no one attempted to stop them. Big Dan Frazee roared with delight as he kicked at a young pearl-diver who had gotten in his path. "Fun!" he said.

Paul grabbed his arm. "Look!" he yelled. "The spearmen!"

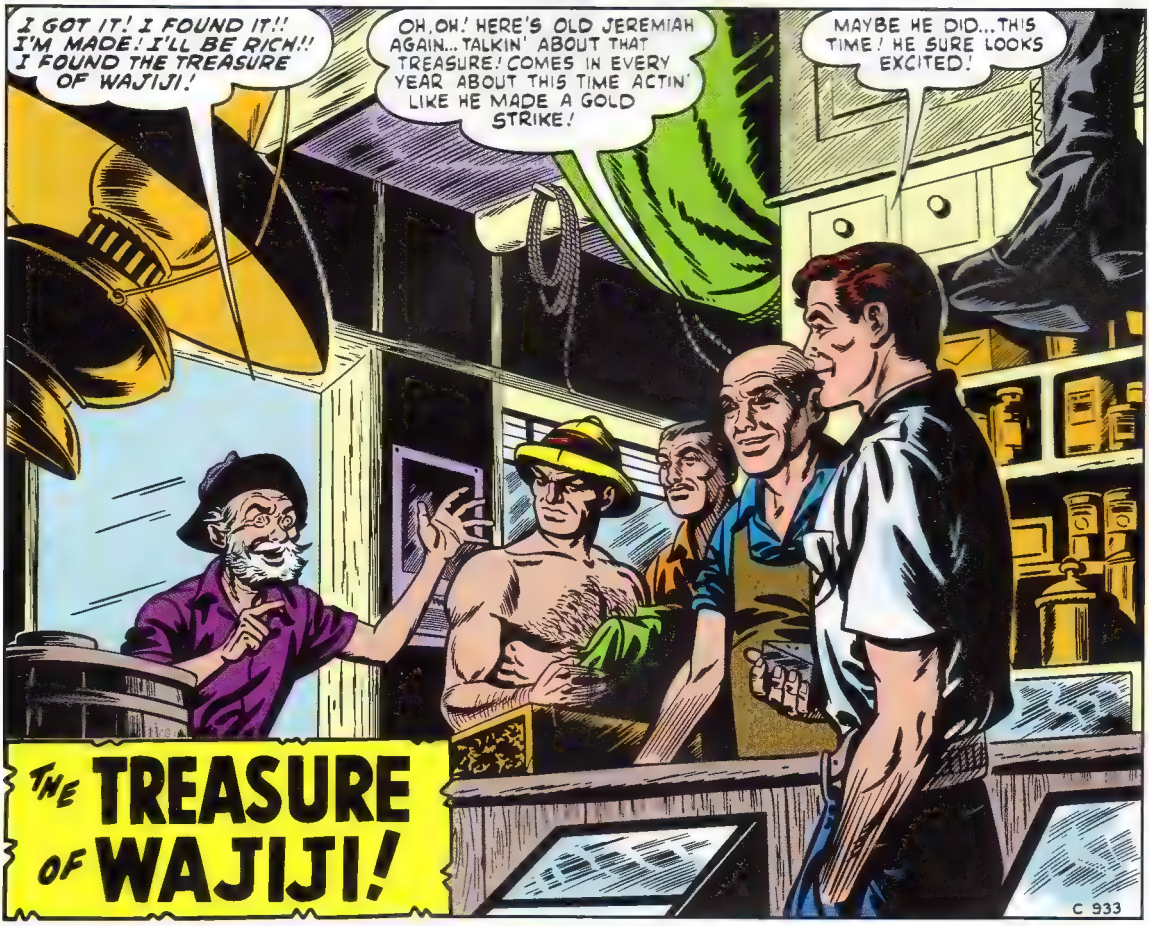
The other boats, containing the spear-carriers of the expedition, were shooting in toward the shore, the men inside them raising their weapons menacingly. As they hit the beach, the spearmen jumped out.

"Run, Dan, run!" Paul screamed. "Something's gone wrong!"

Before they could so much as turn, however, they were pierced by scores of jagged native spears. As they both died in bubbling agony, it is doubtful if either of them knew that by attacking the pearl-divers they had become the equivalent of sharks to the spearmen and therefore could be killed, not as human beings, but as beasts!

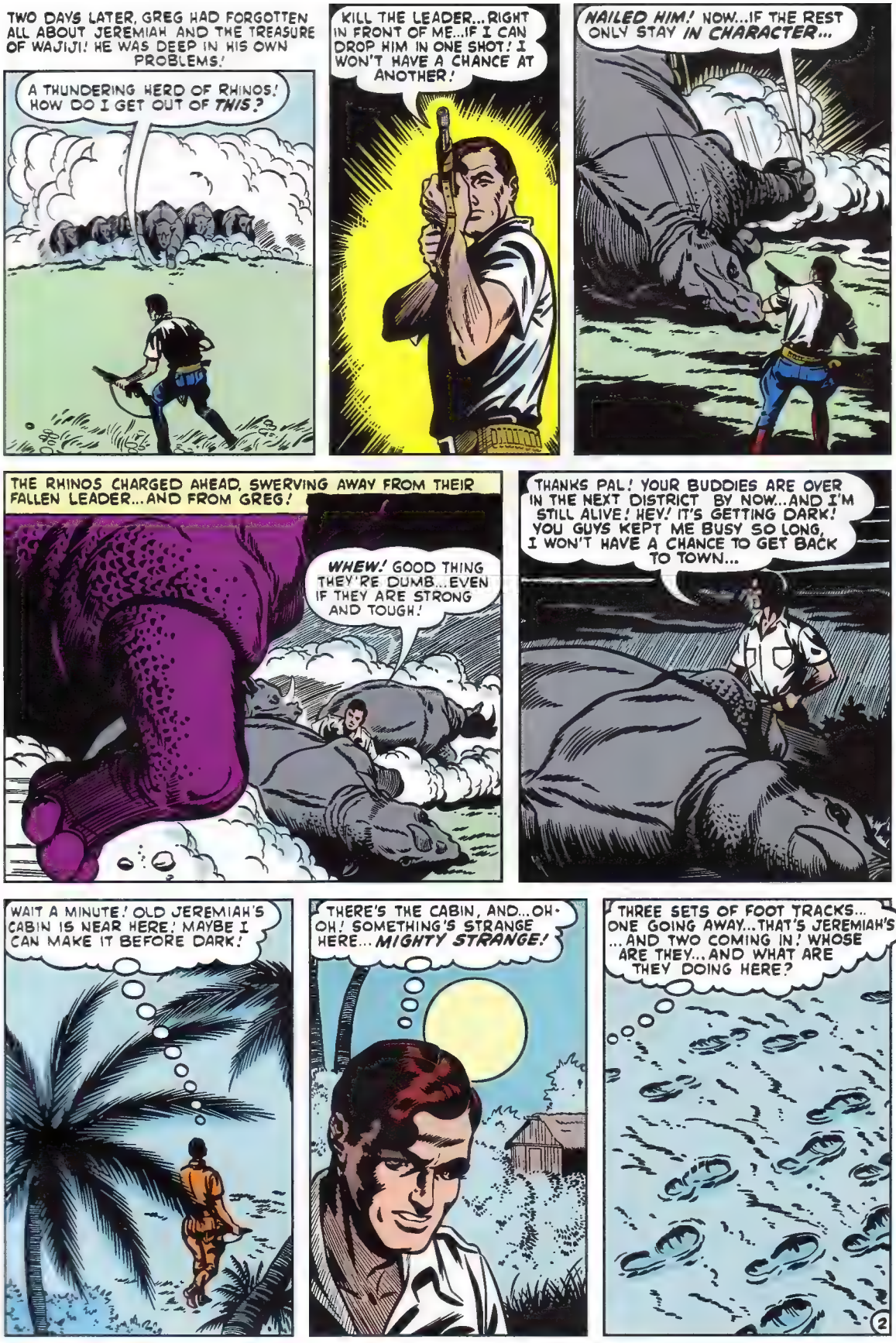
THE END 9430

THE JUNGLE ADVENTURES OF GREG KNIGHT


I GOT IT! I FOUND IT!! I'M MADE! I'LL BE RICH!! I FOUND THE TREASURE OF WAJIJI!
OH,OH! HERE'S OLD JEREMIAH AGAIN... TALKIN' ABOUT THAT TREASURE! COMES IN EVERY YEAR ABOUT THIS TIME ACTIN' LIKE HE MADE A GOLD STRIKE!
MAYBE HE DID...THIS TIME! HE SURE LOOKS EXCITED!
THE TREASURE OF WAJIJI!
C 933

JUST WHAT IS THIS HERE TREASURE OF WAJIJI YOU'RE ALWAYS HOOTIN' ABOUT, JEREMIAH?
AIN'T A-SAYIN'! CAN'T TRUST NOBODY! BEEN A-LOOKIN' FOR IT TOO LONG TO GIVE IT AWAY NOW! BUT I'M MADE, I TELL YA... MADE!!

GLAD TO HEAR THAT, JEREMIAH! YOU'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR IT A LONG TIME!
I SURE HAVE...AN' NOW IT'S MINE! WANNA RENT A BIG STRONG BOX, YANCEY... AND A CART I CAN PULL!
GLAD TO, OLD-TIMER!


TWO DAYS LATER, GREG HAD FORGOTTEN ALL ABOUT JEREMIAH AND THE TREASURE OF WAJIJI! HE WAS DEEP IN HIS OWN PROBLEMS!
A THUNDERING HERD OF RHINOS! HOW DO I GET OUT OF THIS?
KILL THE LEADER...RIGHT IN FRONT OF ME...IF I CAN DROP HIM IN ONE SHOT! I WON'T HAVE A CHANCE AT ANOTHER!
NAILED HIM! NOW...IF THE REST ONLY STAY IN CHARACTER...
THE RHINOS CHARGED AHEAD, SWERVING AWAY FROM THEIR FALLEN LEADER...AND FROM GREG!
WHEW! GOOD THING THEY'RE DUMB...EVEN IF THEY ARE STRONG AND TOUGH!
THANKS PAL! YOUR BUDDIES ARE OVER IN THE NEXT DISTRICT BY NOW...AND I'M STILL ALIVE! HEY! IT'S GETTING DARK! YOU GUYS KEPT ME BUSY SO LONG, I WON'T HAVE A CHANCE TO GET BACK TO TOWN...
WAIT A MINUTE! OLD JEREMIAH'S CABIN IS NEAR HERE! MAYBE I CAN MAKE IT BEFORE DARK!
THERE'S THE CABIN, AND...OH-OH! SOMETHING'S STRANGE HERE... MIGHTY STRANGE!
THREE SETS OF FOOT TRACKS... ONE GOING AWAY...THAT'S JEREMIAH'S ...AND TWO COMING IN! WHOSE ARE THEY...AND WHAT ARE THEY DOING HERE?
2

JEREMIAH'S GOT VISITORS...AND HE'S NOT HOME TO GREET THEM! I'D BETTER LOOK INTO THIS!
JUST TAKE IT EASY, LOB! ALL WE GOTTA DO IS WAIT TILL OL' JEREMIAH COMES BACK WITH THAT TREASURE O' HIS...AN' TAKE IT AWAY FROM HIM, EVEN THOUGH WE GOTTA KILL HIM TO KEEP IT QUIET!
RIGHT SMART OF US, OTTO, LETTIN' HIM DO ALL THE LOOKIN' AND FINDIN' WHATEVER IT IS! IT MUST BE WORTH A HEAP, HUH?
LOB AND OTTO! SO THOSE SHIFTY CHARACTERS PLAN TO ROB AND KILL OLD JEREMIAH! WELL, THE OLD GUY WON'T MAKE IT BACK IN THE DARK...SO I'LL TAKE IT EASY IN THIS TREE TILL MORNING...AND TAKE CARE OF THOSE TWO WEASELS!
PYTHON! IF I SHOOT IT...THOSE TWO'LL GET WISE! LET'S SEE IF I CAN FIND ANOTHER WAY!
THIS OUGHT TO DISTRACT HIM! NOW...IF I CAN ONLY KEEP THIS QUIET...
CLOSER, BOY! JUST A LITTLE CLOSER! TANTALIZING! ISN'T IT?
THAT'S CLOSE ENOUGH!
SORRY TO INTRUDE...BUT I NEED THIS TREE!
WHAT'S THAT?
IT'S ONLY SOMETHING IN A TREE! TAKE IT EASY, LOB! WE GOT NOTHIN' TO WORRY ABOUT!
3

NIGHT IN THE JUNGLE AND GREG RESTED, UNTIL DAWN BROUGHT A SHOCKING AWAKENING.
ULP!
NOTHIN' TO WORRY ABOUT IN A TREE, HUH? GOOD THING I LOOKED! IT'S GREG KNIGHT!
YEAH... I'LL FINISH HIM!
AIN'T GOT TIME! I HEAR JEREMIAH, PULLIN' HIS CART THIS WAY! A SHOT'D PUT HIM ON HIS GUARD! TIE HIM UP AND WE'LL KILL 'EM BOTH AFTER WE GET THAT TREASURE!
SURE THING!
HOWDY... HEY! YA GOT GUNS! AN' YA GOT KNIGHT TIED UP! WHAT'S THE IDEA?
CAN'TCHA GUESS? WE'RE TAKIN' OVER THAT TREASURE OF YOURS!
NO! NO! PLEASE! I BEEN LOOKING SO LONG FOR IT! YA CAN'T TAKE IT AWAY FROM ME! PLEASE!
ANY WAY YA' FIGURE ON STOPPIN' US? HOLD STILL, YA OLD HOUND!
ALL RIGHT, LOB! OPEN IT UP AN' LET'S SEE WHAT THIS TREASURE OF WAJIJI LOOKS LIKE!
I CAN HARDLY WAIT!
AAAEEEHHH!!
WHAT THE BLAZES!?
4

A WHITE LEOPARD... RAREST OF THE JUNGLE BEASTS... WAS THE TREASURE OF WAJIJI.' OTTO AND LOB DISCOVERED THE SECRET AND DIED.'
GOT MYSELF LOOSE, JEREMIAH.' I'LL GET HIM BEFORE HE GETS US.'
NO, GREG.' WAIT.!!
THE LEOPARD LOOKED AT THE TWO MEN FOR A LONG, TENSE MOMENT...
THEN IT TURNED AND TROTTED NOBLY BACK INTO THE JUNGLE...
THAT WAS SOME CHANCE TO TAKE!
WE DIDN'T TAKE ANY CHANCES, GREG...
HIM AND ME... WERE OLD FRIENDS... I BEEN HUNTIN' HIM SO LONG!
HUH? YOU... FRIENDS WITH A LEOPARD?
THAT'S RIGHT.' WE'VE BEEN PLAYIN' THIS GAME FOR YEARS, HIM AN' ME, AND WE RESPECT EACH OTHER...
NOW HE'S GONE BACK TO WAIT AN' MATCH WITS WITH ME AGAIN... SO I AIN'T GONNA KEEP HIM A-WAITIN'! SO LONG, GREG.'
SO LONG OLD-TIMER... AND GOOD LUCK... TO BOTH OF YOU.'
THE END

ATLAS FOR THE BEST IN ADVENTURE STORIES LOOK FOR THE ATLAS SEAL ON THE COVER ATLAS

LORNA THE JUNGLE QUEEN

GO BACK, LORNA! DON'T TRY IT! YOU CAN'T GO THRU THIS AND LIVE!
THEN I'LL DIE WITH YOU, GREG KNIGHT!
WILD ANIMALS RUN AMUCK! SCREECHES FILL THE AIR, MIXED WITH THE SIZZLING CRACKLE OF FLAME! DEATH ROARS THROUGH THE DOMAIN OF LORNA THE JUNGLE QUEEN AS SHE FIGHTS THE TERRIBLE DANGER BEHIND THE "JUNGLE FIRE!"
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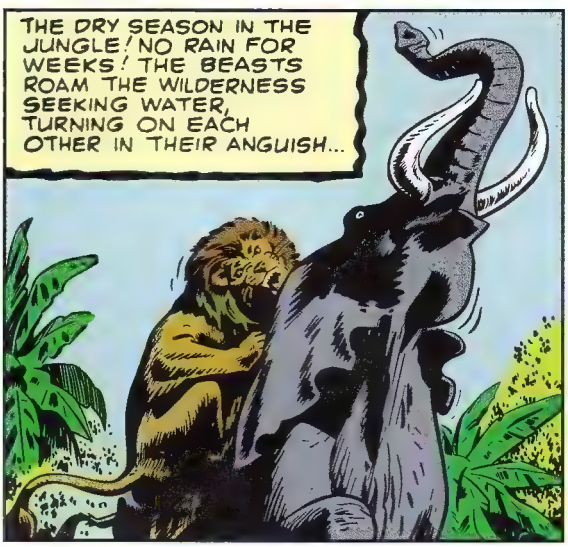
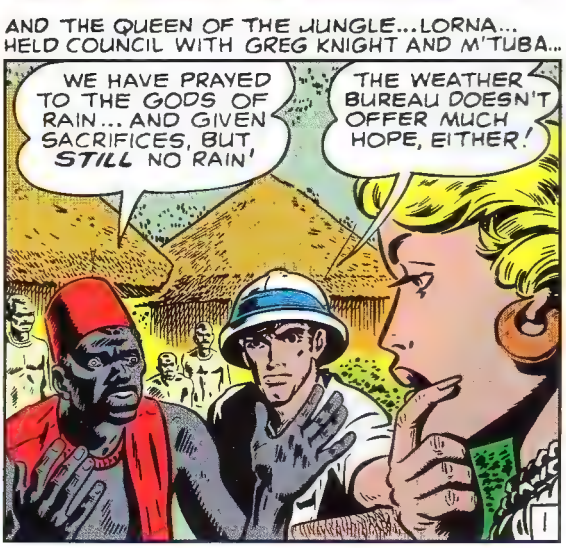

THE DRY SEASON IN THE JUNGLE! NO RAIN FOR WEEKS! THE BEASTS ROAM THE WILDERNESS SEEKING WATER, TURNING ON EACH OTHER IN THEIR ANGUISH...


AND THE QUEEN OF THE JUNGLE... LORNA... HELD COUNCIL WITH GREG KNIGHT AND M'TUBA...
WE HAVE PRAYED TO THE GODS OF RAIN... AND GIVEN SACRIFICES, BUT, STILL NO RAIN!
THE WEATHER BUREAU DOESN'T OFFER MUCH HOPE, EITHER!

THE ANIMALS DIE OF THIRST... THE CROPS OF MY PEOPLE WITHER AND DIE! WE'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING!
THE WEATHER IS ONE THING YOU CAN'T DO ANYTHING ABOUT, LORNA!
I ONCE HEARD ABOUT RAIN-MAKERS... MEN WHO FLEW IN PLANES AND ICED THE CLOUDS TO FORM RAIN! IS THAT POSSIBLE, GREG?
SURE IT IS! BUT THE NEAREST AIRPORT IS THREE HUNDRED MILES AWAY!
THERE'S NOTHING ELSE TO DO BUT TRY...
NO! WAIT LORNA! YOU'RE NEEDED HERE! I'LL TRY TO CONTACT THEM!
HEAR THAT, MIKE?
YEAH! WE BEEN CLEANIN' UP WITH THE HIDES OF DEAD BEASTS! IF THE RAINS COME, WE'RE LICKED! WE GOTTA MAKE SURE GREG KNIGHT NEVER GETS TO THE AIRPORT!
COME ON, PETE! WE'LL HEAD HIM OFF AT THE VALLEY!
RIGHT! THE LONGER THIS DRY SPELL LASTS THE BETTER IT'LL BE FOR US!
PETE! LOOK!
CHEETA!
ARRRARRAGH!
SHOOT, PETE! SHOOT!
ARRARRAGH!
AIEEE!
KRACK
2.

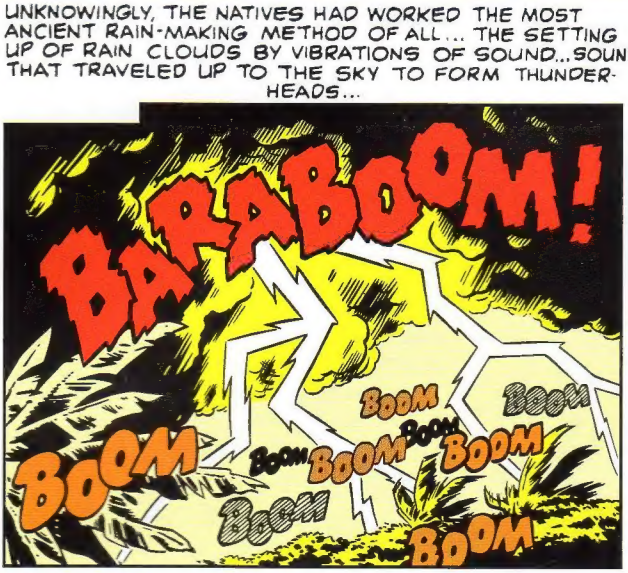
HEARD A SHOT! WHAT HAPPENED?
WELL, OF ALL THE LUCK! PUT 'EM UP, KNIGHT! WE WAS LOOKIN' FOR YOU! YOU AIN'T GOING NO PLACE!
OH, IT'S YOU... THE ANIMAL HIDE TRADERS! I GET IT! AFRAID I'LL FOUL UP YOUR CARCASS RACKET IF I BRING THE RAINMAKERS, EH?
YOU GUESSED IT! NOW GET OFF THAT HORSE!
UP, REX!
HEY! WHAT THE...
NOT MUCH GOOD WITHOUT YOUR GUN, EH, PETE?
HOLD IT, KNIGHT! THAT'S ENOUGH!
UGH!
WE DON'T HAVE TO KILL YOU, KNIGHT! THE ANIMALS WILL DO THAT WHEN THEY SMELL YA OUT!
HURRY UP PETE! I'M HURT BAD!
GOT A LIGHT?
SURE, PAL! HERE!
SO LONG, KNIGHT! GIVE MY REGARDS TO THE LIONS!
3

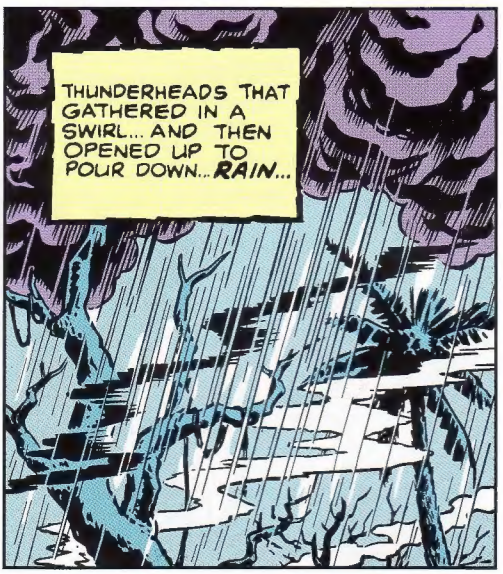
DEEP IN THE JUNGLE, AN ANTELOPE LIFTED ITS HEAD, NOSTRILS QUIVERING IN ALARM...
OUT OF ITS HIDDEN DEN CAME A HYENA, SNIFFING, WATCHING...
AND IN SECONDS THE BEASTS OF THE JUNGLE HAD TAKEN FLIGHT FROM THE MOST DREADED ENEMY OF THEIR WILD WORLD...
FIRE!
M'TUBA! LOOK! FIRE! THE RAINMAKERS WILL NEVER COME IN TIME NOW! BEAT THE DRUMS! WARN THE FAR-OFF TRIBES!
YES, LORNA! BUT WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
GREG'S HORSE HAS RETURNED WITHOUT HIM! SOMETHING'S HAPPENED! THE DRUMS, M'TUBA! THE DRUMS!
FLEET AS THE WIND, LORNA SWUNG THRU THE FOREST, STRAIGHT INTO THE TEETH OF THE FLAMES...
FOLLOWING THE SEARED PATH TAKEN BY GREG, THE JUNGLE QUEEN LOOKED DOWN AND SAW...
GREG!
GO BACK! DON'T TRY TO SAVE ME! YOU CAN'T GO THRU THIS AND LIVE!
THEN I'LL DIE WITH YOU, GREG KNIGHT!
4

NOW WE'RE BOTH TRAPPED! THE FIRE'S CLOSING IN FAST!
FIRST THINGS FIRST! HAVE TO GET YOU UNTIED!

GREG! LISTEN!
BA-A-A-BOOM!
IS THAT... THUNDER?

DRUMS BOOMED THROUGHOUT YHE JUNGLE... FROM TRIBE TO TRIBE... THOUSANDS OF DRUMS SETTING UP A THUNDEROUS DIN...
BOOM
BOOM!
BOOM!
BOOM
BOOM!
BOOM!
BOOM!


UNKNOWINGLY, THE NATIVES HAD WORKED THE MOST ANCIENT RAIN-MAKING METHOD OF ALL... THE SETTING UP OF RAIN CLOUDS BY VIBRATIONS OF SOUND... SOUND THAT TRAVELED UP TO THE SKY TO FORM THUNDER-HEADS...
BARABOOM!
BOOM
BOOM
BOOM
BOOM
BOOM
BOOM
BOOM
BOOM


THUNDERHEADS THAT GATHERED IN A SWIRL... AND THEN OPENED UP TO POUR DOWN... RAIN...

IT'S RAINING, LORNA! WE'LL BE OKAY NOW!
YES... AND SO SHALL MY JUNGLE CREATURES!

PETE AND MIKE DID THIS TO ME, LORNA... AND YOU KNOW WHAT THEIR RACKET IS! COME ON! THEY COULDN'T HAVE GONE FAR!
I'LL TAKE TO THE TREES, GREG!

NO USE, PETE... CAN'T GO FURTHER... I'M HURT... THE FIRE... NOW THE RAIN!
THEN STAY HERE! I'M SAVING MY OWN NECK!
5

PETE CHARGED ON... THEN LOOKED BACK TO SEE GREG COME UPON THE WOUNDED MIKE...

PEACE AND QUIET AGAIN DECENDED OVER THE JUNGLE AS LORNA AND GREG BROUGHT THEIR PRISONERS INTO THE VILLAGE...

YOU STARTED THE FIRE... THAT STARTED THE DRUMS... THAT BROUGHT ON THE RAIN! IRONIC, ISN'T IT? THINGS HAVE A WAY OF STRAIGHTENING THEMSELVES OUT... IF YOU'RE ON THE GOOD SIDE!
THE END

ATLAS FOR THE BEST IN ADVENTURE STORIES LOOK FOR THE ATLAS SEAL ON THE COVER ATLAS